

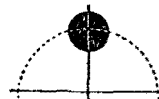
THE ESSENCE OF LAUGHTER

and Other Essays, Journals, and Letters

by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Edited, Selected, and Introduced

by PETER QUENNELL



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Charles Baudelaire

Pierre Charles Baudelaire was born in Paris in 1821. He translated the tales of Edgar Allen Poe and is the author of *Petits Poemes en Prose*, *Curiosités Esthétiques*, and *Les Fleurs du Mal*, first published in 1857. He died in 1867.

Peter Quennell

Peter Quennell was born March 9, 1905 in England. After his education at Oxford, he became a regular contributor to *The New Statesman* and other literary magazines. During 1930-31 he occupied the chair of English literature at the Tokyo Bunrika Daigaku. After several years as an advertising agency copywriter, he edited *Cornhill Magazine* (founded by W. M. Thackeray) from 1944 to 1951. Then he became editor, with Alan Hodge, of *History Today*. He also contributes a weekly book column to the *London Daily Mail*. His publications include *Baudelaire and the Symbolists*; *A Superficial Journey*; *Byron, the Years of Fame*; *Byron in Italy*; *Caroline of England*; *Four Portraits* (in America, *The Profane Virtues*); *Ruskin, the Portrait of a Prophet*; *Hogarth's Progress*; and *The Singular Preference*.

THE PAINTER OF MODERN LIFE¹

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Baudelaire had begun his career as art critic with an essay entitled Salon de 1845, a detailed discussion of the work of contemporary French artists, which describes Delacroix as "decidedly the most original painter of ancient or of modern times." Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne (The Painter of Modern Life) was first published—during the same year that saw the publication of his memorable full-length study of Eugène Delacroix, for whom his admiration never faltered—in the columns of the Figaro between November 26th and December 3rd 1863. It is his most ambitious flight of critical prose, and contains a brilliant summing up of the author's philosophy of art. The hero of the essay is, of course, Constantin Guys, the exceedingly modest but remarkably gifted draughtsman who earned his living by making pen-and-ink sketches

¹"It is common knowledge that the person referred to is Mr. Constantin Guys, whose beautiful water-colours are known to, and are eagerly sought by, art-lovers and artists. The following pages will explain the motives, of delicacy and deference, that caused Baudelaire to refrain from naming his friend, in this study of his work, otherwise than by his initials. In the text we have respected Charles Baudelaire's obliging kindness, and have claimed a historian's rights only in this footnote." *Note by Messrs. Calmann-Lévy, publishers of: Charles Baudelaire: Oeuvres Complètes.*

for the illustrated papers, which were then worked up at the newspaper-office into the ordinary type of commercial engraving. Guys had travelled widely in the Middle East, and covered the Crimean Campaign for the Illustrated London News. In his company Baudelaire spent many nights wandering together around the theatres, music-halls, cafés chantants and brothels of mid-nineteenth-century Paris. They shared that passion for the spectacle of contemporary life which inspired both Baudelaire's poems and his finest prose-works. This section has been translated by Norman Cameron.

1. BEAUTY, FASHION AND HAPPINESS

There are educated people, and even artists, who when visiting the Louvre Museum pass rapidly and without a glance by rows of pictures that are highly interesting, although of the second rank, and station themselves in rapture before a Titian or Raphael—one of those pictures that have been especially popularised by the art of the engraver. Then they go away satisfied, many a one reflecting how well he knows his Louvre. Similarly there are people who, because they have in their time read Bossuet and Racine, believe themselves to be well-versed in the history of literature.

Fortunately there come on the scene from time to time the men to right such wrongs: critics, art-lovers and keen students, who point out that Raphael is not everything, nor Racine either; that lesser craftsmen have much that is good, solid and delightful; and finally that a love of universal beauty, as expressed by the classical poets and artists, is no excuse for ignoring particular beauty—the beauty of the occasion, and of day-to-day existence.

I should add that during the last few years society has slightly improved in this respect. The value attached by art-lovers nowadays to the charming colored reproductions of the eighteenth century shows that there has been a highly desirable public reaction. Debucourt, the Saint-Aubins and many others are now listed in the dictionaries as artists deserving study.

But these artists depict the past; and today I wish to concern myself with the depiction of contemporary life. The past is interesting not only for the beauty distilled from it by the artists to whom it was the present, but also because it is past—for its historical value. The same is true of the present. The pleasure we derive from the depiction of the present arises not only from the beauty in which it can be attired, but also from its essential quality of being the present.

I have before me a series of reproductions of fashion-drawings, starting at the Revolution and ending almost at the Consulate. The costumes here depicted, which seem ridiculous to thoughtless people—those people who are so serious because they lack true seriousness—have a double charm, both artistic and historical. They are very often attractive and intelligently drawn; but what to me is at least as important, and what I am happy to find in all or almost all of them, is an understanding of the spirit and the aesthetic values of their period. A man's idea of what is beautiful imprints itself upon all his attire and bearing; it crumples or smooths his coat, rounds out or straightens his movements, and in time subtly penetrates even his features. A man ends by resembling what he would like to be.

These reproductions can be regarded either as handsome or as ugly; if the latter, they become caricatures; if the former, they are like antique statues.

The women who wore these costumes resembled one another more or less closely, in accordance with the various degrees of poetic sensibility or of vulgarity with which they were endowed. Their living substance puts movement into what to us seems too rigid. The spectator's imagination can still today see the stir and hear the rustle of this tunic or that shawl.

One of these days, perhaps, some theatre will show a play in which we shall behold a resurrection of those costumes in which our ancestors thought themselves just as fascinating as we think ourselves in *our* poor garments—which also have, it is true, their own grace, but more of a moral and spiritual description; and if these costumes are worn and lent animation by intelligent actresses and actors, we shall be astonished

at ourselves for having been able to laugh so fatuously. The past, whilst retaining the fascination of a ghost, will regain the light and movement of life, and will become the present.

If an impartial person were to scan, one by one, *all* French fashions, from the nation's beginnings to the present day, he would find nothing shocking, or even surprising, about any of them. The transitions from one to another would be as elaborately detailed as in the world of biology. There would be no gaps, and therefore no surprises. And if, when contemplating the sketch depicting any particular period, he were also to recall the philosophy which especially influenced or disturbed that period, he would see what a profound harmony prevails between all the various branches of history; and that, even during the centuries which to us seem the maddest and most monstrous, the deathless appetite for beauty has always found its satisfaction.

This would, indeed, be an excellent opportunity to build a rational and historical theory of beauty, in opposition to the theory of a beauty that is single and absolute; to show that beauty, although it makes but a single impression, always and inevitably contains two elements; for the difficulty of discerning, behind the singleness of the impression, the separate elements that go to its making, does not at all invalidate the fact that more than a single element must be there. Beauty is composed of one element that is eternal, invariable and exceedingly difficult to assess, and of another element that is relative and a product of circumstance. This latter element may be described as being, either severally or jointly, the period, its fashions, its morals and its appetites. Without this second element, which is, so to speak the amusing, stimulating, appetizing icing on the divine cake, the first element would be indigestible and beyond our powers of appreciation; unadapted and unsuitable to human nature. I defy anyone to discover any particle of beauty that does not contain both these elements.

I can select if desired two examples from the extreme ends of the scale of history. In religious art the duality I have described can be seen at a glance: the element of eternal beauty discloses itself only by the permission and under the direc-

tion of the religion that the artist professes. And, likewise, even in the most frivolous productions of a sensitive artist belonging to one of these periods that we vaingloriously describe as civilized, the duality is equally apparent; the eternal element is both veiled and expressed, either by contemporary fashion or at least by the author's personal temperament.

The duality of art is an inevitable result of the duality of human nature. You may, if you wish, regard the eternally existing element as the soul of art, and the changeable element as its body. That is why Stendhal—an impertinent, teasing and even unpleasant writer, but one whose impertinences usefully stimulate reflection—came nearer to the truth than many other people when he observed that: "Beauty is only the promise of happiness." This definition certainly overshoots the mark: it places beauty too much in subjection to the infinitely variable concept of happiness, and too lightly robs beauty of its aristocratic quality. But it has the great merit of distinctly departing from the error of the academicians.

I have explained all this more than once before, and what I have written here is sufficient for those who enjoy playing with abstractions; but I know that most French readers are not very fond of this sport, and I myself am eager to pass on to the positive and particular part of my theme.

2. SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY SCENES

For sketches of contemporary scenes, for the depiction of the life of the citizen and the pageantry of fashion, obviously the best method is that which is quickest and least costly. The more beauty the artist puts into them, the more valuable his work will be; but there is in ordinary life, in the daily metamorphoses of outward appearances, a rapid movement that demands from the artist an equal speed of execution.

Eighteenth-century engravings in several colours have, as I was saying just now, come back into fashion. Pastels, etchings and aquatints have in turn contributed their quotas to the immense dictionary of modern life that is scattered through bookshops and art-lovers' portfolios, and behind the windows

of the cheapest stores. As soon as lithography made its appearance, it at once proved to be highly suited for this enormous and seemingly frivolous task.

This class of work has provided us with real monuments. The works of Gavarni and Daumier have justly been described as complementary to the *Comédie humaine*. Balzac himself, I am convinced, would not have been disinclined to adopt this idea, which is all the more accurate in that the artist who paints contemporary scenes is a genius of mixed nature—that is to say, a genius with a considerable component of literary ability. Observer, idle looker-on, philosopher, call him what you will, you are certainly obliged, when describing such an artist, to use a term that you could not apply to the painter of eternal, or at any rate more lasting, subjects such as those of history or religion. Sometimes he is a poet; more often he has a kinship with the novelist or the moralist; he is the painter of the occasion, and also of all its suggestions of the eternal.

Every country, to its pleasure and glory, has possessed a few such men. At the present time, in addition to Daumier and Gavarni (the first names that one recalls) one may mention Devéria, Maurin, Numa, (recorders of the usurpatory graces of the Restoration), Eugène Lami (the last-named almost English in his love of the aristocratic elegances) and even Trimolet and Travies, those chroniclers of poverty and restricted lives.

3. ARTIST, MAN OF THE WORLD, MAN OF THE MASSES, CHILD

I wish today to entertain my readers with an account of a remarkable man, of such powerful and distinct originality that it is sufficient unto itself and does not even seek applause. None of his drawings is signed—if by a signature one means those few alphabetical characters, so easy to counterfeit, that spell out a name and are solemnly appended by so many other artists to their most casual sketches. But all his works bear the signature of his brilliant soul; and art-lovers who

have seen and appreciated them will easily recognize them by the description that I propose to give.

Deeply in love with the masses, and also with anonymity, Mr. C. G. pushes originality to the point of bashfulness. Mr. Thackeray, who, as is well known, is a keen student of artistic matters, and himself draws the illustrations for his novels, once referred to Mr. G. in a little-read London periodical. Mr. G. was vexed as if by an outrage upon his modesty. Again, more recently, when he learnt that I proposed to write an appreciation of his personality and talent, he besought me most imperiously to suppress his name, and to speak of his works only as those of an unknown artist.

I shall humbly fall in with this bizarre wish. We shall pretend to believe, the reader and I, that Mr. G. does not exist, and we shall concern ourselves with his drawings and water-colors, for which he professes a patrician contempt, as if we were scholars passing judgment on some valuable historic documents that have been found by chance and whose author must always be unknown. Nay, more, completely to ease my conscience, we shall suppose that all I have to say concerning his character, so curiously and mysteriously brilliant, has been suggested, with greater or less accuracy, by his work alone; that it is all poetical supposition, conjecture, a product of my imagination.

Mr. G. is elderly. Jean-Jacques began writing, it is said, at the age of forty-two. It was perhaps at about the same age that Mr. G., obsessed with all the images in his head, had the audacity to lay ink and colors on a white page. If the truth must be told, he drew like a barbarian or a child, struggling angrily against the clumsiness of his fingers and the disobedience of his instrument. I have seen a great number of these primitive daubs, and I confess that most of the people who know, or claim to know, about such matters could have failed, without disgrace to themselves, to recognize the genius latent in these murky scribbles. Today Mr. G., after discovering entirely by himself all the little tricks of the trade, has become a powerful master in his own style, and has retained of his first ingenuousness only what is required to lend to

his rich gifts an unexpected extra flavor. When he comes across one of the first attempts of his "youth," he tears them up or burns them with a comical shamefacedness.

For ten years I wished to make the acquaintance of Mr. G., who is by nature very much a traveller and a cosmopolitan. I knew that for a long time he had worked for an English illustrated magazine, which had published reproductions of his travel sketches (Spain, Turkey, the Crimea.) Since then I have seen a considerable quantity of these drawings, hastily executed on the spot, and have thus been able to "read" a detailed and day-by-day account, much better than any other, of the Crimean campaign.

The same magazine had also published—always without a signature—numerous other compositions by the same author, taken from new ballets and operas. When at last I met him, the first thing I realized was that here was not exactly an *artist*, but rather a *man of the world*.

I beg you to understand here the word "artist" in a very narrow sense, and the words "man of the world" in their widest sense. Man of the world—that means a man of the world as a whole, a man who understands the world and the mysterious yet legitimate reasons for all its habits. Artist—that means a specialist, a man bound to his palette as a serf is bound to his glebe. Mr. G. does not like to be called an artist. Is he not to some extent right? He is interested in the world as a whole; he wants to know, understand and appreciate everything that happens on the surface of this globe of ours.

The artist lives very little, or not at all, in the world of morals or of politics. He who lives in the Quartier Bréda does not know what is happening in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. With two or three exceptions, which need not be named, most artists are, it must be confessed, simply very clever animals, pure artisans, with the intelligences and brains of the village or hamlet. Their conversation, which is necessarily restricted to a very small range of interests, quickly becomes intolerable to the "man of the world," that spiritual citizen of the universe.

To begin to understand Mr. G., therefore, you should first

of all take note that what may be regarded as the mainspring of his genius is a *keen appreciation of life*.

Do you remember a picture (for indeed it is a picture!) composed by the most powerful writer of our time and entitled "l'Homme des foules" [The man of the masses.] From behind the window of a café a convalescent joyfully contemplates the crowd, and in imagination enters into all the thoughts that are going on around him. Recently returned from the shades of death, he delightedly breathes in all the germs and odors of life. Having been on the brink of entire forgetting, he now remembers, and eagerly wishes to remember, everything. Finally he rushes through the crowd in search of an unknown person, a glimpse of whose face has suddenly fascinated him. His keen appreciation of life has become a fatal and irresistible passion!

Imagine an artist whose spiritual condition is always that of this convalescent, and you will have the key to the character of Mr. G.

Now, convalescence is a sort of return to childhood. The convalescent enjoys, as the child does, the faculty of taking a lively interest in everything, even in the apparently most trivial things. Let us return, if we can, by a retrospective effort of the imagination, to our youngest, most matutinal impressions. We shall recognize that they had a remarkable affinity with the highly colored impressions that we received, later on, after a physical illness—provided that this illness did no damage to our mental or spiritual faculties. For the child everything is *new*; he is always *exhilarated*. Nothing more closely resembles what is called inspiration than the joy of a child absorbing form and color. I shall venture to go further, and assert that inspiration has something in common with cerebral congestion, and that every sublime thought is accompanied by a nervous shock, of greater or less violence, which reaches even the brain.

The nerves of the man of genius are strong; those of a child are weak. In the former reason plays a considerable role; in the latter almost the whole being is occupied by sensibility. Nevertheless, genius is simply *childhood rediscovered*

by an act of will; childhood now endowed, for its self-expression, with the organs of a man and that analytical power that enables a man to put order into the automatically amassed sum of physical experiences.

This deep and joyful appreciation of life is the explanation of the fixed and animally ecstatic gaze of a child confronted by what is *new*—whatever it may be, a face or a landscape, light, gilding, colors, shot silks, the magic of a woman's beauty enhanced by her labors at the dressing-table.

A friend of mine once told me that when he was very small he used to watch his father dressing, and would gaze, in wonderment mixed with delight, at the muscles of the arms, the graduated shades of faint pink and yellow in the skin, and the bluish network of veins. The picture of life's outward appearances was already filling the child with deep respect, and laying hold of his very brain. Already he was obsessed and possessed by the contemplation of form. Predestination was precociously showing the tip of its nose. My friend's doom was sealed. Need I add that today this child is a well-known painter?

I was asking you just now to regard Mr. G. as a perpetual convalescent. To complete your notion of him, think of him also as a child-man, as a man possessing at every moment the genius of childhood—a genius, that is to say, for which no aspect of life has become stalely familiar.

I have told you that I was disinclined to call him an artist pure and simple, and that he himself rejected this title with a modesty tinged with aristocratic disdain. I would like to call him a "dandy," and would have good reasons to do so; for the word "dandy" implies a certain quintessence of character and a subtle understanding of the whole moral mechanism of human society. But, against this, the dandy aspires to indifference; and it is here that Mr. G., ruled as he is by an insatiable passion—the passion for seeing and feeling—violently breaks with dandyism. "*Amabam amare*," said St. Augustine. I am passionately in love with passion, Mr. G. would readily admit. The dandy is indifferent, or feigns to be so, for reasons of policy and caste. Mr. G. has a horror of indifferent people. He is a master of the difficult art—people of sensibility

will understand me—of *being sincere without being ridiculous*. I might well honor him with the title of philosopher, to which he has more than one claim, were it not that his excessive love of things visible, tangible and reduced to plastic form inspires him with a certain repugnance towards those things that constitute the impalpable realm of the metaphysician. So let us relegate him to the rank of a pure pictorial moralist, like La Bruyère.

The masses are his domain, as the air is the bird's and the sea the fish's. His passion is his profession—that of *wedding himself to the masses*. To the perfect spectator, the impassioned observer, it is an immense joy to make his domicile amongst numbers, amidst fluctuation and movement, amidst the fugitive and infinite. To be away from home, and yet to feel at home; to behold the world, to be in the midst of the world, and yet to remain hidden from the world—these are some of the minor pleasures of such independent, impassioned and impartial spirits, whom words can only clumsily describe.

The observer is a prince who always rejoices in his incognito. The lover of life makes the world his family, just as a lover of the fair sex enlists in his family all the beauties that he has captured, may capture or will never capture; or just as a lover of paintings lives in an enchanted society of dreams depicted on canvas. So the lover of the life of the universe enters into the masses as into a huge reservoir of electrical energy. He may also be compared to a mirror as huge as the masses themselves; to a kaleidoscope endowed with awareness, which at each of its movements reproduces the multiplicity of life and the restless grace of all life's elements. He is an *I* insatiably eager for the *not-I*, continually interpreting and expressing the latter in images more lovely than life itself, images always changing and fugitive.

"Any man," Mr. G. once said, in one of those conversations that he illuminates with his intense gaze and evocative gestures, "who is not stricken by an unrest so positive as to absorb all his faculties, and who *is capable of being bored in the bosom of a crowd*, any such man is a fool—a fool, and I despise him!"

When Mr. G. wakes in the morning, opens his eyes and sees the rollicking sunlight beating on the squares of his windows, he thinks to himself remorsefully and regretfully: "What an imperious command! What a fanfare of light! Already for hours, now, there has been light everywhere—light wasted by my sleep! How many things I might have seen in a new light—and I did not see them!"

So he leaves his house, and watches the running river of life's essence, so majestic and so bright. He admires the eternal beauty and astonishing harmony of life in capital cities—a harmony still providentially preserved amidst the turbulence of human freedom. He contemplates the landscape of stone caressed by the mist or smacked by the sunlight. He rejoices in fine carriages, in proud horses, in the dazzling smartness of grooms, in the dexterity of servants, in the undulous gait of women, in the handsome children who are happy to be alive and well-dressed. He rejoices in life as a whole.

If a fashion or the cut of a garment has been slightly altered; if buckles or bunches of ribbons have been dethroned by rosettes; if women's caps have been enlarged, or the chinon has descended by a quarter of an inch upon the nape; if the waist has been raised and the skirt amplified—be sure that, from an enormous distance, his eagle's eye has already perceived it.

A regiment passes, on its way, perhaps, to the ends of the earth, filling the air of the boulevards with its fanfares as seductive and as fickle as hope—and behold, the eye of Mr. G. has already seen, inspected and analyzed these troops' weapons, march-discipline and physique. Equipment, the glitter of metal, music, firm glances, heavy and serious mustaches—all these have entered pell-mell into him; and in a few minutes the resulting poem will virtually be already composed. And now his soul lives with the soul of that regiment, that proud image of delight in obedience.

But evening has come. It is the strange and suspect hour when the sky's curtains are drawn and the cities light up. The gas-light makes a stain upon the red of the sunset. Honest men and rogues, sane men and madmen, think to themselves: "At last the day is over." Worthy men and wicked men turn their

thoughts to pleasure, and each of them hurries to the place of his choice, to drink the cup of forgetfulness. Mr. G. will be the last person remaining wherever light shines, poetry thunders, life teems, music throbs; wherever any human passion can "pose" for his inspection; wherever the natural man and the man of convention display themselves in a strange beauty; wherever the sun shines on the fleeting joys of that depraved animal, man.

"In sooth, a day well spent!" thinks a certain type of reader, whom we have all met. "Any of us has enough genius to fill his day in that fashion." No! Few men are gifted with the faculty of seeing, and still fewer have the power of expressing what they see. Now, at an hour when other men are asleep, Mr. G. is bent over his table, darting at a sheet of paper the same glance that shortly before was lingering upon all sorts of objects. He is at sword-play with his pencil, pen or brush; he makes the water in his glass spirtle to the ceiling; he wipes his pen on his shirt—eager, violent, busy, as if he feared that his images might escape him; cantankerous although alone, bullying himself onward.

And objects are reborn upon the paper, true to life and more than true to life, beautiful and more than beautiful, strange and endowed with an enthusiastic vitality, like the soul of their author. Out of nature has been distilled fantasy. All the stuffs with which memory is encumbered are classified and arranged in order, are harmonized and subjected to that compulsory formalization which results from a *childish* perceptiveness—that is to say, a perceptiveness acute and magical by reason of its simplicity!

4. MODERNITY

Thus he goes his way, hurrying and seeking. What does he seek? It is certain that this man, such a one as I have described, this solitary gifted with an active imagination, and always travelling across the great human desert, has a higher aim than any mere idle spectator—a more general aim, something else than the fleeting pleasures of the occasion.

This "something else" that he seeks is what we may be al-

lowed to call "modernity"; for there is no better word to express the idea behind it. His business is to separate from contemporary fashion whatever it may contain of poetry within history; to extract the eternal from the ephemeral.

If we cast an eye over the usual exhibitions of modern paintings, we are struck by the artists' general tendency to clothe all their subjects in the costumes of antiquity. Almost all of them use the fashions and furnishings of the Renaissance, just as David used the modes and furnishings of ancient Rome. There is, however, this difference: that David, having selected specifically Greek or Roman themes, could do no otherwise than array them in ancient style; whereas the painters of the day, whilst selecting themes of a general nature, applicable to all periods, insist on rigging them out in costumes of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance or the East. This is clearly a sign of great laziness; for it is much more convenient to declare that the dress of a period is entirely ugly than to apply oneself to distilling from it whatever mysterious beauty it may contain, however minimal or fleeting.

Modernity is that which is ephemeral, fugitive, contingent upon the occasion; it is half of art, whose other half is the eternal and unchangeable.

Every old-time painter had his own modernity; most of the lovely portraits that have come down to us from bygone times are clad in the costumes of their various periods. They are perfectly harmonious, because the costume, the coiffure, and even the gesture, the glance and the smile (every period has its own deportment, glance and smile) compose a whole that has a complete truth to life.

This ephemeral and fugitive element, subject to so frequent metamorphoses, is not to be despised or ignored. By disregarding it, you necessarily fall into the void of a beauty abstract and indefinable, such beauty as that one woman must have had who lived before the first sin was committed. If, for the correct and inevitable costume of a given period, you substitute another, you are creating an anomaly such as could be excused only in some fashionable masquerade. (For example, the goddesses, nymphs and sultanas of the eighteenth century are portraits *morally* in keeping with their time.)

It is beyond doubt an excellent thing to study the Old Masters in order to learn how to paint; but this can only be a subsidiary exercise, if your purpose is to understand the nature of beauty in the present time. The draperies of Rubens or Veronese will not teach you to depict *moiré antique* or *satin à la reine* or any other stuff of modern manufacture that is designed to be supported and carried on a crinoline or on starched muslin petticoats. The weave and grain are not the same as in the stuffs of ancient Venice, or in those worn at the court of Catherine. Furthermore, the cut of the petticoat or the bodice itself is completely different; the pleats are arranged in a new system; and, lastly, the gestures and carriage of the woman herself give her gown a life and physical existence which are not those of the robe of the woman of antiquity.

In short, in order that any particular modernity may be worthy of eventually becoming antiquity, it is necessary that the mysterious beauty involuntarily lent to it by human life should be distilled from it. This is the task to which Mr. G. especially applies himself.

I have said that every period has its deportment, its glance and its gesture. This statement can be verified with especial ease in any vast portrait-gallery, such as that of Versailles. But it has a still wider application. In any of those unities known as nations, professions or classes, the passing centuries introduce a variety not only of gestures and manners, but also of actual facial features. Particular types of nose, mouth and forehead occupy given spaces of time which I shall not endeavor to determine here, but which could certainly be made a subject of exact calculation.

Portrait-painters are insufficiently aware of all this; and the great fault of Mr. Ingres, in particular, is that he tries to impose upon every type that comes before his easel a more or less despotic idea of perfection, borrowed from the classical repertory.

On such a question it would be easy, and indeed permissible, to argue *a priori*. The perpetual correlation between what is called "the soul" and what is called "the body" shows quite clearly how all that is material, or in other words a projection

of the spiritual, reflects and always will reflect the spiritual from which it derives. If a painter who is patient and scrupulous, but of mediocre powers of imagination, has the task of painting a contemporary courtesan and "takes his inspiration" (this is the accepted phrase) from a courtesan by Titian or Raphael, it is very highly probable that his work will be false, ambiguous and obscure. Studying a masterpiece dealing with a similar subject, but in bygone times, will not teach him the attitude, the facial expression, the grimaces or the living aspect of one of those creatures whom the dictionary of fashion has successively classified under the coarse or facetious titles of "fallen" or "kept" women, "gay girls" or "tarts."

The same criticism can be strictly applied to the depiction of the soldier or the dandy, or even of animals such as dogs or horses; indeed, of everything that goes to make up the outward appearances of an epoch. Woe on him who seeks in the study of antiquity anything but pure art, logic and general method! By immersing himself too long in the past, he loses his memory of the present; he surrenders the values and privileges supplied by circumstance; for almost all our originality comes from the stamp that *time* imprints upon our perceptions.

The reader will understand, without my telling him, that I could easily support these statements in regard to the depiction of many other things besides women. What would you say, for example, (I offer an extreme case,) of a painter of naval subjects who, when called upon to depict the sober and elegant beauty of a modern ship-of-the-line, were to weary his eyes with studying the overloaded and convoluted outlines and monumental stern of an old galleon, or the complicated heads-of-sail of the sixteenth century? Or what would you think of an artist whom you had commissioned to portray a blood-horse famous in the solemn annals of the turf, if he were to confine his researches to the museums, and to content himself with studying the horse in the galleries of the past—in Van Dyck, Bourignon or Van der Meulen?

Mr. G., under a natural compulsion and the tyranny of circumstance, has followed a quite different path. He began by observing life, and only later did he set himself to learn the

methods of depicting it. The result has been an enthralling originality, in which any relic of barbarism or ingenuousness appears as a further proof of his faithfulness to the impressions he has received—as a compliment paid to truth.

For most of us, and especially for men of affairs, in whose eyes nature has no existence except in its utilitarian relations to their business, the fantastic reality of life has been remarkably staled by use. Mr. G., on the other hand, takes it in unceasingly; his memory and his eyes are full of it.

5. BARBARISM

This word "barbarism," which has been slipping off my pen perhaps too often, might make some reader think that we are dealing here with a few rude sketches that can be transformed into perfected work only by the imagination of the beholder. This would be a misunderstanding of what I mean. I am speaking of a barbarism that is necessary, synthesizing and childish; a barbarism of which traces can often be seen in a perfected art—Mexican, Egyptian or Ninevite, for example—a barbarism derived from the need to see things largely, to view them primarily in connection with their surroundings.

It is worth while mentioning here that accusations of barbarism have often been levelled against all those painters whose view of objects is synthesizing and simplifying: Mr. Corot, for example, who sets himself primarily to trace the chief outlines of a landscape—its bone-structure and physiognomy. So Mr. G., faithfully interpreting his own impressions, instinctively emphasises the focal or luminous parts of an object (they may be the *dramatically* focal or luminous parts) or its chief characteristics—sometimes even with an exaggeration that is useful as a prompter to the human memory; so that the imagination of the beholder, coming under the sway of these masterful reminders, clearly sees the impression made by this or the other object on the mind of Mr. G. The beholder is thus the interpreter of an interpretation that is always brilliant and exhilarating.

This is a state of affairs that greatly adds to the living force

of this *legendary* rendering of life's outward appearances. I wish now to describe Mr. G.'s method of drawing. He draws from memory, not from a model—except when, as in the Crimean War, it was urgently necessary to take immediate and hasty notes, in order to fix the subject's chief outlines. (Indeed, all true draughtsmen draw from an image in their brains, and not from nature. If anyone quotes against me the admirable sketches of Raphael, Watteau and many others, I shall reply that these are notes—minutely detailed, it is true, but simply notes.)

When a true artist has arrived at the stage of final execution of a work, a model would be more a hindrance than a help to him. It even happens that men like Daumier and Mr. G., long accustomed to using their memory and to filling it with images, find, when confronted with the model and its multiplicity of detail, that their chief faculty is disturbed and, as it were, paralyzed.

There is thus set up a struggle between the will to see everything and forget nothing, and the memorizing faculty, which has become accustomed actively to absorb general colors, silhouettes and all the arabesques of contour. An artist who has a perfected feeling for form, but is accustomed primarily to exercise this memory and imagination, finds himself assailed, so to speak, by an insurgent mob of details all demanding justice with the fury of a crowd in love with absolute equality. The result is that all justice is violated and all harmony sacrificed and destroyed. Many a triviality assumes enormous importance, many a commoner usurps a throne. The more the artist gives impartial heed to all details, the more anarchy increases. Be he short-sighted or long-sighted, all traces of hierarchy and subordination disappear.

This is an accident that often occurs in the works of one of our most fashionable painters (a man whose weaknesses, by the way, are so well in tune with those of the masses that they have made a remarkable contribution to his popularity.)

The same analogy can be discovered in the practice of the actor's art, that deep and mysterious art which today has fallen into such a confusion of decadence. Mr. Frédérick-Lemaître creates a part with the sweep and amplitude of

genius. However spangled his performance may be with luminous details, it is always synthesizing and sculptural. Mr. Bouffé, on the other hand, creates a part with the minute care of a myopic or a bureaucrat. Everything in his performance is brilliant, but nothing can be seen, nothing insists on remaining in one's memory.

In Mr. G.'s execution of his work, then, two things are evident: the first, the exertion of a resurjective, evocative memory, which bids every object: "Lazarus, arise!"; the second, a fiery exhilaration of the pencil and brush, almost resembling an outburst of mania.

It is the fear of not being fast enough, of letting the phantom escape before its essence has been distilled and captured; it is this terrible fear that possesses all great artists, and makes them desire so ardently to gain mastery of all the means of expression—so that the commands of the mind may never be distorted by the hesitations of the hand; so that finally the act of execution, the ideal act of execution, may become as unconscious and spontaneous as, say, the process of digestion seems to a healthy man after dinner.

Mr. G. begins with a few light touches of the pencil, which scarcely do more than indicate the places that the various objects are to occupy within the framework. Next the chief planes are indicated by wash-tints—vague masses of faint color at first, but later on retouched and loaded with colors successively more intense. Only at the last moment are the outlines of the various objects definitely marked in ink.

Nobody who has not seen his work could imagine what surprising effects Mr. G. can obtain by this simple, almost elementary, method. It has this incomparable advantage, that at any stage of a picture's making it looks sufficiently finished. You may perhaps say, at such-and-such a stage, that it is just a sketch; but it will be a perfect sketch. All its values are harmonious; and if Mr. G. chooses to carry them further they will march steadily abreast towards the sought-for perfection.

In this way he prepares twenty drawings at a time, with a charming petulance and delight that even he himself finds amusing. The sketches pile up in tens, in hundreds, in thousands. Now and then he looks through them, examining them

carefully, picks out a few and makes greater or lesser additions to their intensity, darkening the shades and progressively brightening the highlights.

He attaches immense importance to his backgrounds, which, whether bold or faint, are always of a quality and nature appropriate to the figures. Scale of tones and general harmony are strictly observed, with a genius arising more from instinct than from study. For Mr. G. naturally possesses that mysterious talent of the colorist, a real gift which can perhaps be increased by study, but is, I think, in itself impossible to create.

To put it all in a sentence, our strange artist depicts at the same time the gestures and attitudes, whether magnificent or grotesque, of living creatures, and also their brilliant explosion in space.

6. WAR-SKETCHES

Bulgaria, Turkey, the Crimea and Spain were feasts of spectacle to Mr. G.—or, rather, to the imaginary artist whom we have agreed to call Mr. G. For I now and then remember that I promised myself, the better to comfort his modesty, that I would suppose him to be non-existent. I have perused his archives of the war in the East: battlefields strewn with funeral debris, ammunition-carts, embarkations of cattle and horses—pictures living and enthralling, hewn from the stuff of life itself, with elements of pictorial value that many renowned painters, if placed in the same circumstances, would have blindly neglected; with the exception, which I gladly make, of M. Horace Vernet, who is really a chronicler more than essentially a painter, and with whom Mr. G., although a more delicate artist, has obvious points in common; if, that is to say, one considers the latter, too, only as a keeper of life's records.

I can affirm that no newspaper report, narrative or book expresses so well, in all its painful detail and sinister grandeur, the great epic of the Crimean War. Your eye travels, in turn, along the banks of the Danube, the shores of the Bosphorus, to Cape Kherson over the plain of Balaclava, over the field of Inkerman, over the English, French, Turkish and Piedmon-

tese camps, through the streets of Constantinople, through hospitals and solemn religious or military ceremonies.

One of the best reproduced of these compositions, to my mind, is the "Consecration of the burial-ground at Scutari by the Bishop of Gibraltar." The scene's picturesqueness, which consists in the contrast between the oriental environment and the occidental attitudes and uniforms of the officiants, is presented in a striking and suggestive manner, rich in food for thought. The soldiers and officers have that imperishable air of "gentlemen," resolute and discreet, which they carry to the ends of the earth—to the colonial garrisons of the Cape and the cantonments of India. The English priests dimly call to mind beadles or stockbrokers in birettas and bands.

Next we are at Schumla, in the home of Omar Pasha: Turkish hospitality, hookahs and coffee. All the visitors are ranged on divans, putting to their lips pipes as long as speaking-tubes, whose bases are on the floor at their feet.

And here, now, are the "Kurds at Scutari," strange troops whose appearance makes one dream of an invasion by barbarian hordes. And here are the bashi-bazouks, no less strange in contrast with their European officers—Hungarians or Poles, whose dandified appearance stands out oddly from amongst their baroque oriental soldiers.

Here I find a magnificent drawing, a full-length of a single personage, tall and robust, with an air at once pensive, careless and bold; big boots reach above his knees; his military uniform is hidden by a huge, heavy cape, precisely buttoned up; he is gazing through the smoke of his cigar at a sinister, misty horizon; he is wounded in one arm, which is supported in a sling. Underneath I read the words, scribbled in pencil: "Can-robot on the battle-field of Inkerman. Taken on the spot."²

And now who is this horseman with a white mustache and vigorously lined features? His head is thrown back, and he seems to be inhaling the terrible poetry of a field of battle; whilst his horse, with head drooping, picks its way amongst piles of corpses, which lie in strange attitudes, with feet sticking up into the air and convulsed faces. Beneath the drawing, in a corner, the words can be read: "Myself at Inkerman."

² This appears in English in the original. [Translator]

Here I see M. Baraguay-d'Hilliers, accompanied by le Seraiskier, inspecting artillery at Bechichtash. Seldom have I seen a military portrait that gave a better likeness, or was limned by a bolder and wittier hand.

Next I come upon a name that has gained a sinister fame since the disasters in Syria: "Ahmed Pasha, G.O.C. at Kalafat, in front of his hut with his staff, being introduced to two European officers." Despite the size of his Turkish belly, Ahmed Pasha's face and bearing have that great air of aristocracy that is commonly found amongst the ruling races.

The battle of Balaklava is depicted several times. Here is one of the most striking scenes: the historic cavalry charge sung by the heroic trumpet of Alfred Tennyson, poet to the Queen. A mass of horsemen is riding at prodigious speed amidst clouds of artillery-smoke, towards the horizon. In the background the landscape is enclosed by a line of green hills.

Here and there the eye, saddened by all this chaos of gunfire, this lethal turbulence, lights with relief on pictures of religious scenes. English soldiers of various arms, amongst whom stand out the picturesque uniforms of kilted Scots, are assembled whilst an English priest conducts the Sunday service. His pulpit is three drums, two of them supporting the third.

Indeed, it is difficult for a mere pen to give a rendering of this huge and complicated poem of a thousand sketches, or to express the exhilaration one derives from all this pictorial beauty, often painful but never lachrymose, collected on some hundreds of pages whose stains and rents tell, in their own fashion, of the distress and tumult in the midst of which the artist jotted down his memories of each day. In the evening the army post took off to London Mr. G.'s notes and drawings. Often he would entrust to a single post more than ten sketches hastily drawn on onion-skin paper, for which the engravers and the subscribers to his magazine were waiting impatiently.

Sometimes these drawings depict ambulances, in which the very atmosphere seems sick, sad and heavy; every bed holds a separate pain. Sometimes they show the hospital at Pera. Here I see, talking with two nurses, who are as tall, pale and

erect as figures by Le Sueur, a casually-dressed visitor, described by the bizarre legend: "My humble self."³

Here again, on rugged winding paths strewn with debris from a battle that is already ancient history, are mules and horses slowly carrying at their flanks, in big sling-chairs, the livid and motionless wounded. Elsewhere, across huge, snowy plains, camels with majestic breasts and heads carry provisions and munitions of every kind. Here is a whole world at war, teeming with life, busy and silent. And here are camps—bazaars littered with scraps of every sort of furniture, like barbarian villages improvised for the occasion. Through the barracks, along these rocky or snowy roads, through these ravines pass the uniforms of several nations, all more or less war-torn or modified by the addition of pelisses and heavy boots.

It is a pity that this album, now dispersed in several quarters, its precious pages having been retained by the blockmakers to whom they were sent or by the editorial staff of *The Illustrated London News* should never have been shown to the Emperor. I think that he would have been much interested, and not a little moved, had he perused this narrative of the activities and bearing of his troops—from the most brilliant military feats to the most trivial occupations of ordinary life—depicted day after day, with scrupulous care, by this firm and intelligent hand of an artist and soldier.

7. POMPS AND CEREMONIES

Turkey provided dear G. with many other admirable themes for his compositions: Bairam festivities—heavy, torrential splendors, in whose background appears, like a pale sun, the permanent boredom of the now defunct Sultan. Aligned on the sovereign's left are all his civic officials; on his right, his military staff, chief of which is Said Pasha, now Sultan of Egypt, then in attendance at Constantinople.

We see processions of ceremonial pomp heading for the little mosque adjacent to the palace. Amongst these crowds are

³ This phrase also appears in English in the original. [Translator]

Turkish functionaires, real caricatures of decadence, crushing their magnificent horses beneath the weight of their fantastic obesity.

We see massive carriages, like coaches of the time of Louis XIV, but gilded and adorned with Oriental superfluity; out of these dart strange, feminine glances, through the strictly prescribed slits left for the eyes in the muslin veils.

We see dances of tumblers of the "third sex." Balzac's comical expression was never more applicable than to these: under the tremor of the swaying lights, the agitation of the flowing garments, the vivid fard upon cheeks, eyelids and eyebrows, or amidst the long tresses streaming down to the loins, you would find it difficult, if not impossible, to guess that these creatures were men.

We see, lastly, the women of the world of gallantry (if it is possible to use this word in connection with the East:) usually Hungarians, Wallachians, Jewesses, Poles, Greeks and Armenians—for under a despotic government it is the oppressed races, and especially those which have to suffer the most, that supply the most numerous objects of prostitution. Some of these women have retained their national costumes—embroidered blouses, short sleeves, enveloping scarves, huge trousers, slippers turned up at the toes, striped or spangled muslin and all the tinsel of their native country; others, and these the more numerous, have adopted the chief sign of civilization (which, for a woman, is invariably the crinoline,) whilst yet retaining, in some part of their attire, some slight characteristic reminder of the East, so that they look like Parisian women in fancy dress.

Mr. G. excels at painting the pageantry of officialdom, its national pomps and ceremonies. He does this not coldly and didactically, like painters who see in such works nothing else than lucrative set-tasks, but with all the ardor of a man in love with space, with perspective, with light that comes in floods or sharp bursts, attaching itself in drops or sparkles to the severe uniforms and gowns of a court.

An interesting example of his talent for such work is "Independence Day Memorial Celebration in Athens Cathedral." All these little human figures, each so appropriate in

its place, gives an added depth to the space surrounding them. The cathedral is huge, and is decorated with ceremonial hangings. King Otho and the Queen, standing on a platform, are dressed in traditional costume, which they wear with a marvellous naturalness, as if to attest the sincerity of their adoption and the most delicate Hellenic patriotism. The King's waist is strapped-in like that of the trimmest palikar, and his kilt flares out with all the exaggeration of the national dandyism. Opposite the Royal Pair the Patriarch advances—an old man with rounded shoulders and a big, white beard. His little eyes are shielded by green spectacles, and his whole being bears the signs of a consummately Oriental placidity.

All the human figures peopling the composition are portraits. One of the oddest of them—because of the unexpectedness of its appearance, which is entirely un-Hellenic—is that of a German lady, who sits by the Queen and is in waiting upon her.

In collections of Mr. G.'s work one often finds the French Emperor, whose features he has succeeded in reducing, without spoiling the likeness, to an infallible prototype, which he reproduces with the certainty of a set of scribbled initials. Sometimes the Emperor is carrying out an inspection at a gallop, accompanied by his officers, whose features can easily be recognized, or by foreign princes, European, Asiatic, or African, for whom he is, so to speak, doing the honors of Paris. Sometimes he is sitting motionless on a horse, whose legs are as steady as the four legs of a table, with the Empress on his left, in Amazon costume, and on his right the little Imperial Prince, loaded down beneath a busby and sitting on a little horse as shaggy as the ponies that English artists so freely scatter about their landscapes. Sometimes the Emperor is disappearing in an eddy of light and dust along the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne; at other times he is passing at a walk amidst the applause of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

One of these water-colors, especially, astounded me with its magic. In the front of a box at the theatre, adorned with a heavy and regal wealth of decoration, the Empress can be seen in an attitude of tranquillity and repose; the Emperor is slightly stooping forward, as if to have a better look round the

theater. Standing over the Royal Pair, two guardsmen, of a military and almost liturgical immobility, reflect on their brilliant uniforms the spattering glare of the footlights. Beyond this field of fire, in the idyllic atmosphere of the stage, the actors are harmoniously singing, declaiming and posturing; on the near side extends an abyss of dim light, a circular space crammed with human figures, tier upon tier: the hired applauders and the public.

The popular movements, political clubs and solemn demonstrations of 1848 also provided Mr. G. with a series of excellently pictorial compositions, most of which were reproduced by *The Illustrated London News*. A few years ago, after a sojourn in Spain, which his genius found most fruitful, he put together a similar album, of which I have only seen fragments. The carelessness with which he lends or gives away his drawings has often caused irreparable losses.

8. THE MILITARY MAN

To define once again the type of subject preferred by our artist, I shall say that what he loves best is *the ceremonial life*, as it is to be seen in the capitals of the civilized world, in the ritual of the life of soldiering, the life of elegance and the life of courtship. Wherever flow those deep and impetuous desires, those Orinocos of the human heart—war, love and gaming; wherever we see the festivities and fictions that express these three great elements of happiness and misfortune, our observer is always at his post.

But his most marked predilection is for soldiering and the soldier; and I think that this is not only because of the virtues and qualities that are necessarily transmitted from the fighting man's soul to his face and bearing, but also because of the glaring finery in which the profession is attired. M. Paul de Molènes has written some charming and sensible pages concerning soldiers' preoccupation with their outward appearance and the moral significance of the glittering costumes in which all governments delight to array their troops. Mr. G. would willingly subscribe to all that M. de Molènes has written on this subject.

I have already spoken of the idiocy of supposing that beauty is confined to any particular period, and have remarked that every century has had, so to speak, its own personal attractiveness. The same remark can be applied to the professions: each of them derives the beauty of its outward show from the moral laws to which it is subject. In some this beauty will be characterized by energy; in others it will bear the obvious signs of leisure. It is a sort of stamp of quality, a seal of destiny.

The military man, in general, has his own beauty, just as the dandy and the courtesan have theirs, although in essentially different styles. (I shall readily be excused for not concerning myself here with trades in which monotonous and violent labor deforms the muscles and stamps the face with the mark of servitude.)

Accustomed as he is to tactical surprises, the military man is not easily astonished. The especial mark of beauty in his case, therefore, will be a martial phlegm—a singular mixture of serenity and audacity; a beauty arising from the need to be prepared to die at any moment.

But another mark of the ideal soldier must necessarily be a great simplicity; for since they live communally, like monks or schoolboys, and are accustomed to unload the cares of daily life on to the shoulders of an abstract paternal authority, soldiers are in many ways as simple as children; and, once their duty has been accomplished, they are like children in being easily amused or easily led into violent diversions.

I think that I am not exaggerating when I say that all these general moral reflections arise of themselves from a study of Mr. G.'s drawings and water-colors. Every military type is represented in them, and all are portrayed with a sort of gleeful enthusiasm: the elderly infantry officer, grave and gloomy, wearying his horse with his obesity; the handsome staff-officer, with his pinched waist and swaggering shoulders, who boldly leans over armchairs where ladies are sitting, and, when seen from the rear, reminds one of some very slim and elegant insect; the light infantryman or skirmisher, whose bearing betrays exceeding audacity and independence, as well as something resembling a more lively sense of personal responsibility; the agile, free-and-easy carriage of the light cavalryman;

the vaguely professional and academic appearance of members of auxiliary corps such as those of artillery and engineering (an appearance which is often enhanced by the unwarriorlike wearing of a pair of spectacles)—not one of these models, and not one of their shades of significance, has been omitted. All are summed up and defined with the same love and wit.

I have one of Mr. G.'s military compositions before me as I write. Its general appearance is nothing less than heroic. It shows the head of a column of infantry. Perhaps these men are returning from Italy and have made a halt on one of the boulevards, amidst the applause of the multitude; perhaps they have finished a long spell in Lombardy—I do not know. What is visibly and completely obvious is the firm, bold character, even under peaceful conditions, of all these faces tanned by sun, rain and wind.

Here one can well see the uniformity of expression that is created by a shared obedience and endurance; the submissive air of courage tested by long hardships. The trousers folded back and thrust into the gaiters; the hooded capes, dull with dust and vaguely discolored—the whole of these troops' gear and equipment, in short—have acquired the ineffaceable stamp of beings who have come home from far away, and have had strange adventures. All these men seem to be more solidly based upon their own loins, to stand more squarely on their feet and to have more self-assurance than is possible for other men. If Charlet, who was always seeking for beauty of this kind, and so often found it, had seen this drawing, he would have been most deeply struck by it.

9. THE DANDY

The man of wealth and leisure, who, even though weary of it, has no other occupation than the pursuit of pleasure; the man brought up in luxury and accustomed since his youth to the obedience of other men; the man, in short, who has no other profession but that of elegance, will always have a distinctive appearance, one that sets him utterly apart.

Dandyism is an institution as strange and obscure as the duel. It is very ancient, for Caesar, Catilina and Alcibiades

were amongst its most brilliant representatives; and it is very widespread, for Chateaubriand has found it in the forests and on the lake-shores of the New World.

Dandyism, an institution above laws, has laws to which all its representatives—whatever extravagance or independence of character they may otherwise permit themselves—are strictly subject.

The English novelists, more than any others, have cultivated the novel of "high life"; and French authors, such as M. de Custine, who specialize in love stories, have always been careful, and very wisely so, to endow their characters with fortunes vast enough to enable them to pay without hesitation for all their fancies. These characters are therefore free from the need to follow any profession. They have no other purpose than to cultivate the idea of the beautiful in their own persons; to satisfy their desires, and to feel and think.

They therefore possess, *ad libitum* and in huge measure, the time and money without which fancy is reduced to a day-dream scarcely translatable into action. It is, unfortunately, quite true that without leisure and money love can be nothing but a plebeian orgy or the fulfilment of a conjugal duty. Instead of being a burning or fantastical caprice, it becomes a loathsome *utility*.

My reason for speaking of love in connection with dandyism is that love is the natural occupation of the leisured; but the dandy does not make love his special aim. Similarly, my reason for mentioning money is that money is indispensable to people who make a cult of their desires; but the dandy does not wish to have money for its own sake; he would be content to be allowed to live indefinitely on credit; he leaves the coarse desire for money to baser mortals.

Dandyism is not even, as many unthinking people seem to suppose, an immoderate interest in personal appearance and material elegance. For the true dandy these things are only a symbol of the aristocratic superiority of his personality. In his eyes, therefore, which seek, above all, distinction, the perfection of personal appearance consists in complete simplicity—this being, in fact, the best means of achieving distinction.

What, then, is this ruling passion that has turned into a

creed and created its own skilled tyrants? What is this unwritten constitution that has created so haughty a caste? It is, above all, a burning need to acquire originality, within the apparent bounds of convention. It is a sort of cult of oneself, which can dispense even with what are commonly called illusions. It is the delight in causing astonishment, and the proud satisfaction of never oneself being astonished. A dandy may be indifferent, or he may be unhappy; but in the latter case he will smile like the Spartan under the teeth of the fox.

It will be seen that, in certain aspects, dandyism borders on spirituality and stoicism. But a dandy can never indulge in anything vulgar. If he committed a crime, he would perhaps not be too upset about it; but if this crime had some trivial cause, his disgrace would be irreparable.

The reader should not be scandalized by this serious devotion to the frivolous. He should remember that there is a greatness in all follies, a strength in all extravagance. What a strange spiritual cult! For those who are at once its priests and victims, all the complicated material conditions to which they submit themselves—from the impeccable care of the person to the most dangerous forms of sport—are simply a gymnastic exercise designed to fortify the will and discipline the soul.

Indeed, I was not far wrong in regarding dandyism as a sort of religion. The most rigorous monastic order, or the absolute rule of the Old Man of the Mountain, who commanded his intoxicated disciples to kill themselves, was not more despotic, nor obtained stricter obedience, than this creed of elegance and originality. It, too, imposes on its ambitious yet humble devotees—men, often, of mettle, passion, courage and contained energy—the terrible formula: *Perinde ac cadaver!*

Whether the name they win for themselves be Corinthians, swells, bucks, lions or dandies, their origin is the same. They all have the same characteristics of opposition and revolt. They all represent the best element in human pride—that need, which nowadays is too uncommon, to combat and destroy triviality. This is what gives the dandy his haughty attitude, the attitude of a caste whose very reserve is a provocation.

Dandyism arises especially in periods of transition, when democracy is not yet all-powerful and aristocracy is only

partially tottering or brought low. In the disturbance of such periods a certain number of men, detached from their own class, disappointed and disorientated, but still rich in native energy, may form a project of founding a new sort of aristocracy, which will be all the more difficult to break because it will be based on the most precious and indestructible of human powers—on those celestial gifts that neither toil nor money can bestow.

Dandyism is the last gleam of heroism in times of decadence. The fact that a type of dandy was discovered by a traveller in North America does not invalidate this statement; for there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that what we call the "savage" tribes are the debris of great vanished civilizations. Dandyism is a setting sun. Like the great sinking star, it is superb, cold and melancholy.

But alas! the rising tide of democracy, overwhelming and levelling everything, is day by day drowning these last champions of human pride, washing the waves of oblivion over the traces of these prodigious myrmidons. In France the dandy is becoming more and more rare; although amongst our English neighbors the social conditions and the constitution (that true constitution, which expresses itself in daily life) will for a long time yet leave a place for the heirs of Sheridan, Brummell and Byron—if, that is to say, worthy heirs present themselves.

All this may have seemed to the reader a digression, but in fact it is not one. The reflections and moralizing fancies provoked by an artist's work are often the best introduction to them that a critic can offer. All the suggestions that an artist makes to us are the offspring of a begetting idea; and by describing each of these suggestions severally, one may convey a notion of the idea itself.

Need I say that, when Mr. G. sets one of his dandies down on paper, he always gives him his historical character—his legendary character, I would venture to say, were it not that we are here concerned with matters of the present time, and with matters that are commonly regarded as objects of mirth? You can find everything there: that alertness of bearing; that certainty of behavior; that simplicity in the air of supremacy;

that manner of wearing a coat or managing a horse; those attitudes always serene but indicative of strength—all the things that cause us to reflect, when our eye lights upon one of those privileged beings in whom the gracious and the formidable are so mysteriously compounded: "There goes what may be a rich man, but is certainly a resting Hercules!"

The characteristic beauty of the dandy consists, above all, in his air of reserve, which in turn, arises from his unshakeable resolve not to feel any emotion. It might be likened to a hidden fire whose presence can be guessed at; a fire that could blaze up, but does not wish to do so. This is what is so perfectly expressed in Mr. G.'s pictures.

10. WOMAN

The Being who for most men is the source of the most vivid and also (let it be said to the shame of the sensual pleasures of philosophy) the most lasting delights; the Being towards whom, or for whose benefit, all the efforts of most men are directed; that Being who is as terrible and incommunicable as God (but with this difference, that the Infinite does not communicate because it would blind and overwhelm the Finite, whereas the Being of whom we speak is perhaps incomprehensible only because she has nothing to communicate;) that Being in whom Joseph de Maistre saw "a beautiful animal" whose charms lent gaiety and facility to the serious fame of politics; that Being for whom, and through whom, fortunes are made and unmade; for whom, but especially *through whom*, artists and poets create their finest jewels; the source of the most enervating pleasures and the most fruitful griefs:—Woman, in a word, is not, either for the artist, in general, or for Mr. G. in particular, merely the feminine gender of man.

She is rather a divinity, a star that presides over all the par-turitions of the male brain. She is a reflection of all the charms of nature concentrated in an individual. She is the focus of the most vivid admiration and interest that the picture of life has to offer the beholder. She is a sort of idol—stupid, maybe, but dazzling—an enchantress holding all human wills and destinies suspended in her glance.

She is not, I say, an animal whose limbs, when correctly put together, provide a perfect example of harmony. She is not even a typefaction of pure beauty, such as a sculptor might dream of in his austere meditations. No, none of that would suffice to explain the mysterious and complex enchantment. This is something not to be found in Winckelmann or Raphael; and I am convinced that Mr. G., despite the great breadth of his intelligence (I hope I am not insulting him), would turn from any piece of antique statuary rather than lose a chance of gazing at a portrait by Reynolds or Lawrence.

All that adorns a woman, all that serves to illuminate her beauty, is a part of herself; and these artists who have especially applied themselves to the study of this enigmatic Being are as passionately obsessed with all the appurtenances of the *mundus muliebris* as with the person of Woman herself.

Woman is clearly a ray of light, a look, an invitation to happiness, sometimes a watchword; but especially she is a general harmony, not only in her bearing and the movement of her limbs, but also in the muslins, the gauzes and the great, iridescent clouds of the stuffs that envelop her, and are, so to speak, the attributes or the pedestal of her divinity; in the metals and minerals that twine around her neck and arms, adding their sparkles to the fire of her glances or softly prattling at her ears.

What poet would dare, in depicting the delight caused by a beauteous apparition, to distinguish between the woman and her garb? Where is the man who, in street, theater or public park, has not taken an utterly disinterested pleasure in a skilfully composed attire, and gone away with a mental picture in which this latter is inseparably mingled with the beauty of its owner—thus making of the woman and her garb an indivisible whole?

This is the moment, it seems to me, to return to certain questions, concerning fashion and personal adornment, on which I only lightly touched at the beginning of this essay; and a moment to take vengeance, on behalf of the art of cultivating the personal appearance, for the stupid slanders uttered against it by certain extremely dubious "nature-lovers."

11. IN PRAISE OF COSMETICS

There is a popular song which is so trivial and silly that it can scarcely be quoted in an essay with some pretensions to be serious, but which accurately interprets, in musical comedy style, the aesthetic views of unthinking people:

"Nature lends a charm to beauty."

One may presume that, had the "poet" been able to write French, he would have written:

"Simplicity lends charm to beauty,"

which gives this profound sentiment an entirely new meaning. An *absence* of something embellishes something that is present.

Most of the errors concerning beauty arise from the false moral concepts of the eighteenth century. At that time nature was taken as the foundation, source and type of all that could be good or beautiful. The denial of original sin had not a little to do with the general blindness of this period.

If, however, we consent to pay heed simply to the visible facts—to the experience of all the ages and to the Police Court Gazette—we shall see that nature teaches us nothing, or almost nothing. It *compels* man to sleep, drink and eat, and to secure himself, to the best of his ability, against surrounding dangers. It is nature, too, that drives man to kill his neighbor, to eat him, to confiscate his goods and to torture him; for, as soon as we quit the field of natural necessities and desires for that of luxuries and pleasures, we see that nature can be a counsellor only of crime. It is this so-infallible nature, too, that has created parricide and cannibalism, as well as a thousand other abominations that modesty and delicacy forbid us to name. On the other hand, it is philosophy (a right philosophy, I mean) and religion that bid us cherish the poor and sick amongst our kinsmen. Nature, which is simply the voice of our self-interest, bids us knock them on the head.

Carefully survey and analyze everything that is natural, all the actions and desires of the pure natural man, and you will

find nothing that is not horrible. Everything beautiful and noble is the result of reason and thought.

Crime, for which the human animal acquires a taste in his mother's belly, is of natural origin. Virtue, on the contrary, is *artificial* and supernatural—since at all times and in all nations it has taken gods and prophets to teach it to the human animal, and man by himself would have been powerless to discover it. Evil arises, of itself, *naturally* and by predestination. Good is always the product of a creative skill.

All that I have said of nature as an evil counsellor in matters of morality, and of reason as a true redeemer and reformer, can be translated in terms of the beautiful. I am therefore inclined to regard personal adornment as one of the signs of the primitive nobility of the human soul. The races that our confused and perverted civilization likes to look upon as savages—thereby showing a ridiculous conceit and fatuity—these races understand as well as a child does the exalted spirituality of the care of the person. The savage and the baby both bear witness, by their ingenuous love of brilliance, of motley plumage, iridescent stuffs and the superlative majesty of the creations of artifice, to their disdain of the real—thus unwittingly proving the absence of materialism in their souls.

Woe to him who, like Louis XV (who was the product not of a true civilization, but of a relapse into barbarism) carries depravity to the point of enjoying "simple nature."⁴

Fashion should therefore be regarded as a symptom of that attachment to the ideal which is superimposed in the human brain upon all the coarse, terrestrial and foul accumulations of natural life; it should be regarded as a sublime deformity of nature, or rather as a continual and ever-renewed attempt to reform nature.

The experience of our senses teaches us (although without telling us the reason) that all fashions are charming—that is to say, charming in relation to their circumstances; each fashion being a new, more or less successful, striving towards

⁴ It is known that, when Mme. Dubarry wished not to receive the King, she was careful to wear rouge. This was a sufficient sign that her door was closed. Embellishment was her method of putting to flight this royal disciple of nature. [Author's note.]

the beautiful; some sort of approximation to an ideal towards which the restless spirit of mankind is incessantly spurred.

If one wishes to appreciate fashions, however, one must not regard them as lifeless objects. One might as well admire the cast-offs that hang, as listless and inert as the skin of St. Bartholomew, on the racks of an old-clothes shop. They must be seen as vitalized and vivified by the lively women who wore them. Only thus can one understand their spirit and meaning. If, therefore, the statement: "All fashions are charming" disturbs you, as being too sweeping, you can avoid all possibility of misunderstanding by changing it to: "Every fashion had its own legitimate charm."

Woman is well within her rights, and is indeed performing a sort of duty, in studying to appear magical and supernatural. It is necessary that she should astonish and bewitch. Being an idol, she must be gilded to be adored. She must therefore borrow from all the arts the means of raising herself above nature, the better to subjugate hearts and stir souls. It matters very little that her tricks and artifices should be known to all, provided that their success is certain and their effect always irresistible.

Such considerations provide the artist-philosopher with a ready justification for all the practices employed by women of every period to lend substance and, so to speak, divinity to their fragile beauty.

An enumeration of these practices would be interminable. But to confine ourselves to what our contemporaries vulgarly call "the use of cosmetics," who can fail to see that the use of rice-powder (so stupidly anathematized by our candid philosophers) has the object and result of banishing from the complexion the blemishes which nature has outrageously sown there, and of creating an abstract unity in the texture and color of the skin; and that this unity, like the unity produced by the sculptor's chisel, brings the human being directly nearer to the statue—in other words, to a being that is divine and superior? As for the lamp-black that outlines the eye, and the rouge that emphasizes the upper part of the cheek, the planned result of these—although their use arises from the same principle, the need to transcend nature—is to satisfy an

exactly opposite need. The red and the black represent life—a life surpassing and exceeding that of nature. That black frame around the eye makes the glance stranger and more penetrating; it makes the eye more distinctly resemble a window open on the infinite. That red blaze on the cheek further enhances the brightness of the eye, and lends a woman's lovely face the mysterious passion of a priestess.

This means, if I am rightly understood, that the face should not be painted with the vulgar and necessarily secret purpose of imitating the beauties of nature and setting up a rivalry with youth. In any case, it is well known that artifice cannot beautify ugliness, but can be a servant only to beauty. Who would dare assign to art the sterile task of imitating nature? Cosmetics should not seek to avoid detection; on the contrary, they should flaunt themselves, if not with ostentation then at least with a sort of frankness.

Readers whose heavy seriousness prevents them from seeking beauty in its most minute forms have my leave to laugh at these thoughts of mine, and accuse them of a puerile solemnity. I am not in the least affected by their strict judgment; I shall be content to appeal to true artists, as well as to those women who have received at birth a spark of that sacred flame with which they wish to illuminate their whole beings.

12. WOMEN AND COURTESANS

Having taken on the task of seeking and revealing beauty in *modernity*, Mr. G. is fond of depicting women highly adorned and beautified by all the rites of artifice—to whatever order of society they may belong. (It may be noted that throughout his work, as in the swarm of living humanity, racial and class differences, under whatever mask of luxury, leap immediately to the spectator's eye.)

Sometimes he depicts young women of the best society, bathed in the diffused glow of a place of entertainment, receiving and reflecting the light in their eyes, in their jewels and on their shoulders—as brilliant as portraits, set in their theater-boxes as if in frames. Some are grave and serious, others fair-haired and languishing. Some flaunt, with aristo-

cratic lack of concern, a precious throat; others candidly display a boyish bosom. They tap their teeth with their fans, their glances are vague or fixed; they are as theatrical and solemn as the drama or opera to which they are pretending to listen.

Sometimes he shows us smart families serenely strolling along the paths of public parks; the women leaning, with an air of placidity, on their husband's arms, whilst the men's air of solidity and satisfaction reveals the achievement of financial fortune and spiritual self-complacency. Here, instead of high distinction, we have a parade of substance. Skinny little girls with wide skirts, looking like little women in their style and gestures, play with skipping-ropes, trundle hoops or "go visiting" in the open air, in reproduction of the comedies played in their homes by their parents.

In other pictures, young actresses in unimportant theaters, slender, fragile, still adolescent beings who have risen from lowly station and are proud at last to have emerged into the sun of the footlights, wear on their virginal and puny frames absurd travesties of costumes, which belong to no period and are their constant joy.

At the door of a café, leaning against the glass panes illumined from without and from within, swaggers one of those imbeciles whose elegance is created by their tailors and whose heads by their barbers. Beside him sits his mistress, her feet supported on the indispensable footstool—a comical creature who lacks almost nothing (and this almost nothing is almost everything; it is precisely what constitutes distinction) that could make her resemble a great lady. The whole orifice of her tiny mouth is filled, like the mouth of her handsome companion, with an outside cigar. These two beings do not think. Can one be quite sure that they even see? Unless, perhaps, Narcissuses of imbecility, they are gazing on the crowd as on a stream that gives them back their own image. The fact is that they exist much more for the pleasure of the observer than for their own.

And here, displaying their galleries full of light and movement, are all the Valentino's, Casino's and Prado's (formerly Tivoli's, Idalia's, Follies and Paphoses,) those bear-gardens where the exuberance of idle youth is given full rein. Women

who have exaggerated contemporary fashion, until its charm and purpose are destroyed, ostentatiously sweep the parquet floors with the trains of their gowns and the ends of their shawls. They come and go, pass and repass, their eyes wide and astonished like the eyes of animals; they have an air of seeing nothing, but they scrutinize everything.

Against backgrounds of the illumination of hell or of the aurora borealis, backgrounds red, orange, sulphur-yellow or rose-pink (a color that reveals an idea of ecstasy in frivolity) or sometimes violet (the preferred color of canonesses, that of a fire dying out behind a curtain of heavenly azure)—against these magic back-grounds, with their diverse imitations of Bengal fire, arises the varied image of intruding Beauty; here majestic, there light-hearted; sometimes slender, or even scrawny, sometimes Cyclopean; sometimes small and sparkling, sometimes heavy and monumental. Now she has invented a barbarous, provocative elegance; now she aims, with greater or less success, at the simplicity affected by persons above her station. She advances, glides, dances, trundles beneath her load of embroidered petticoats which serve her at once as a pedestal and as a balancing-pole. She darts glances from beneath her hat, like a portrait in its frame. She well represents the element of savagery in civilization. She has the beauty lent her by Evil—always utterly devoid of anything spiritual, but sometimes tinged with a fatigue that apes melancholy. She fixes her gaze on the horizon, like a beast of prey—with the same bewilderment, the same indolent curiosity, and sometimes also with the same alertness. A Bohemian straying on the fringes of a normal society, the triviality of her life—a life of trickery and combat—shines inexorably through her enveloping apparatus. To her can justly be applied the words of Bruyère, that inimitable master: "Some women have an artificial grandeur which derives from the movement of the eyes, the carriage of the head, a manner of walking, and has no further significance."

What can be said of the courtesan can also be said, with reservations, of the actress; for the latter, too, is a manufactured confection and a thing of public pleasure. But where the actress is concerned, the conquest and the booty are more

noble, more spiritual. Her business is to win general favor not only by her physical beauty, but also by talents of the rarest order. If on one side the actress is akin to the courtesan, on the other side she is akin to the poet. We must remember that, apart from any natural beauty and even from any artificial beauty, all human creatures are stamped with the idiom of their trade—a characteristic that can physically express itself in ugliness, but also in a sort of beauty of the profession.

In this huge gallery of life as it is lived in London or Paris we meet the various types of the woman who has gone astray, of the woman in revolt against society, at all her stages.

First we see the toast of the town, in the flower of her beauty, aspiring to the airs of a patrician, proud both of her youth and of her luxury, into which latter she puts all her gifts and all her soul. Delicately she turns up, between two fingers, a broad panel of the satin, silk, or velvet that floats around her, and thrusts forward a pointed foot, whose over-ornamented shoe would alone suffice to betray what she is, even without the somewhat vivid emphasis of her whole attire.

Descending the ladder, we come to the female slaves confined in those low retreats that are often decorated to resemble cafés; unfortunate beings under the most avaricious tutelage, who possess nothing of their own, not even the eccentric rig-outs that serve as a condiment to their beauty.

Some of these latter—specimens of an innocent and monstrous fatuity—display in their features and boldly direct glances an obvious pleasure in existence ("Why?" one could well ask.) Sometimes they unintentionally fall into attitudes of an audacity and nobility that would enchant the most sensitive sculptor—if only the sculptor of today had the courage and intelligence to find nobility everywhere, even in the mire. At other times they are shown prostrate in desperate attitudes of boredom, in the indolent stupors of café existence, filled with a masculine cynicism, smoking cigarettes to kill time with the resignation of oriental fatalism; ostentatiously sprawling on divans, with skirt tucked up before and behind in a double fan, or balanced on stools or chairs: heavy, gloomy,

stupid, garish, their eyes glazed by brandy and their foreheads bulging with petulance.

We have descended to the bottom of the spiral, to the femina simplex of Latin satire. Sometimes we see depicted, amidst an atmosphere in which alcohol and tobacco have mingled their reeks, the inflamed emaciation of phthisis, or the curves of adiposity, that hideous health of the idle. A foggy and gilded chaos, without a trace of the chastities of indigence, is filled with the gesticulations and writhings of macabre nymphs or living dolls from whose infantile cheeks gleams a sinister brightness. Behind a counter laden with bottles of liquor lounges a bulky Megaera, her head swathed in a dirty scarf that throws on the wall a satanically pointed shadow, provoking the reflection that everything dedicated to Evil is condemned to wear horns.

I can assure you, it is not to make the reader feel comfortable, any more than to scandalize him, that I have held such pictures before his eyes. To do either would be to fail in respect towards him. What gives these pictures their great and consecrated worth is the multitude of reflections, mostly severe and sombre, to which they give rise. But if, by chance, any ill-advised person were to seek in these compositions of Mr. G., which can be found almost anywhere, an opportunity of satisfying an unwholesome curiosity, I must charitably warn him that he will find nothing in them to excite a morbid imagination. He will find nothing but the inevitable spectacle of vice—the glower of the demon at ambush in the darkness, or Messalina's shoulder glistening in the gaslight; nothing but pure art—that is to say, the peculiar beauty of Evil, the beauty of the horrible. In fact, let me repeat it in passing, the general feeling inspired by all this Gomorrah is more saddening than entertaining. What gives these pictures their special beauty is the richness of their moral content. They are highly suggestive—but of cruel and bitter things, to which my pen, although accustomed to struggle with the description of plastic forms, has perhaps been unable to do sufficient justice.

13. CARRIAGES

So they extend, interrupted by countless side-passages, these long galleries of "high life" and "low life." Let us emigrate for a brief while to a world which, though it may not be pure, is at least more refined. Let us breathe in scents that may not be more wholesome, but are at least more delicate.

I have already said that Mr. G.'s brush, like that of Mr. Eugène Lami, is marvellously adept at the depiction of the rites of dandyism and the elegance of the world of female fashion. He is familiar with the attitudes of the rich. By a light stroke of the pen, and with a confidence that is never at a loss, he can depict that assurance of look, gesture and posture which, amongst privileged beings, is the result of a monotony of good fortune.

The series of sketches that we shall next consider reproduces a thousand aspects of sport, racing, hunting, drives in the park—proud "ladies" and slender "misses" expertly directing steeds of an admirable purity of line, steeds as dainty, brilliant and capricious as their mistresses. For Mr. G. not only knows the horse in general, but also has a happy gift for expressing the individual beauties of horses.

Sometimes we see static scenes—encampments, so to speak, of several carriages at a time. Emerging from these and perched on cushions, chairs or the roofs of the carriages themselves, slim young men and women accoutred in the eccentric costumes permitted by the season are watching some ceremony of the turf, which is proceeding in the distance. Sometimes we see a horseman gracefully galloping beside an open barouche; the curvettings of his horse give the impression that the animal, too, is in its own fashion paying its respects. The carriage is rapidly proceeding down an avenue zebra-striped with light and shade, carrying a bevy of beauties reclining indolently, as if in a cockle-shell. They vaguely listen to the gallantries assailing their ears, and idly bathe in the breeze of the drive.

Their furs or muslins rise to their chins, and surge like a wave through the carriage door. The servants are stiff and

perpendicular, motionless and all alike—always the same unrelieved and monotonous effigies of servitude; their characteristic feature is to have no characteristic feature.

In the background the park is green or russet, dusty or dark, according to the season and time of day. Its sheltered spots are full of autumn mists, blue shadows, yellow brightness, roseate glows or thin shafts of light that cut like swords through the gloom.

If Mr. G.'s countless water-colors of the war in the East had not already demonstrated his power as a painter of landscape, these sketches would surely suffice to do so. But here, in place of the war-torn terrain of the Crimea or the theatrical shores of the Bosphorus, we find the familiar and intimate landscapes that are the decorative setting of a great city. Here the light creates effects that no truly romantic artist can disdain.

Another of Mr. G.'s gifts which can well be mentioned here is his remarkable knowledge of harnesses and carriages. Mr. G. draws and paints a carriage—all kinds of carriages—with the care and ease that a consummate painter of naval subjects would give to his paintings of every sort of ship. All his coachwork is perfectly correct; everything is in its proper place, and there is nothing there that shouldn't be there. Whatever the posture into which it may be thrown, whatever the gait at which it may be travelling, a carriage, like a ship, is lent by its movement a mysterious and complex grace which it is very difficult to note down in shorthand. The pleasure that the artist's eye obtains is derived, so it seems, from the series of geometrical figures that the object in question—of itself so complicated, whether ship or coach—successively and rapidly creates in space.

We can wager with certainty that within not many years Mr. G.'s sketches will have become valuable records of civilized life. His work will be sought after by students as eagerly as that of men like Debucourt, Moreau, Saint-Aubin, Carle Vernet, Lami, Devéria, Gavarni or any other of those exquisite artists who, for all that they painted only the familiar and the pretty, are none the less, in their own fashion, serious historians.

Several of these men have even made too great a sacrifice to prettiness, and have sometimes introduced into their compositions a classical style that is foreign to the subject. Several of them have wilfully rounded off the corners and smoothed out the rough edges of life, thus dulling its lightning-brilliance. Mr. G., less adroit than these, retains a deep merit all his own. He has deliberately performed a task that artists disdain, and which it was especially left for a man of the world to perform. He has sought, in the ephemeral and fleeting beauty of present-day life, the stamp of what, by the reader's leave, we have called "modernity." Often strange, violent and extravagant, he has known how to concentrate in his sketches the bitter or heady flavor of the wine of life.

PART II: *THE POEM OF HASHISH*